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German Newspapers.

The German newspaper in size is much smaller than those of this country, probably not more than half the size of an ordinary American daily. There are no editorials, in German papers, but articles—usually one a day—on some political, or scientific subject, contributed by a professor or some one else not supposedly connected with the newspaper.

The editor of the German newspaper in his desire to poison and color the news to suit his own views does not rely upon an editorial, but inserts little paragraphs and sentences in the news columns. For instance, a note of President Wilson's might be printed, and after only about a paragraph of it, a statement something like this will be inserted in parentheses: "This statement comes well from the old hypocrite whose country has been supplying arms and ammunition to the enemies of Germany."

Small newspapers have a news service furnished free by the government, thus enabling the latter to color the news to suit itself. It is characteristic of Germany and shows how void of amusement is the life of the average citizen, and how the country is divided into castes, that there is no so-called society or personal news in the columns of the daily newspaper.

An Ohio soldier was asked the other day why he did not go in and try for a commission. "Nothin' doin' on that officer stuff for me, captain," was the reply. "Why, captain, I'd rather be a private with a French chicken on my knee than a colonel with an American eagle on my shoulder."

"We rely on the churches at home to keep the people white hot with patriotism and courage until victory has been won." This was the substance of a telegram from General Pershing to Dr. Robert Spear of New York, and was in reply to a communication sent to the general from the war time commission of the Protestant churches.

German Kultur.

Certain Germans have prated much of German "kultur," and have boasted of imposing this "kultur" on the world by force of arms. What is this German "kultur?" Ambassador Gerard defines it thus: "A certain efficiency of government obtained by keeping the majority of the people out of all votes in governmental affairs, a certain low cost of manufactured products, or of carrying charges in the shipping trades made possible by enslaving the workmen, who toil long hours for small wages; a certain superiority in chemical production, because trained chemists, willing to work at one semi-mechanical task can be hired for less than a Fifth Avenue butler is paid in America; and a certain preeminence in military affairs reached by subjecting the mass of the people to the brutal, boorish, non-commissioned officers and the galling yoke of a militaristic system."

If a successful retreat of about a dozen miles gives German military critics such intense satisfaction, what kind of expressions will they use when what remains of the army reaches Berlin?

Is there to be a break between the Hun and the Turk? If so, will there be any one left on friendly terms with the people who own allegiance to the sultan?

Is There Anything New?

"There is nothing new under the sun." Such was the statement of a very old writer. Yes, adds the modern man, but what about the present war. Does not that disprove the truth of such words and render them practically obsolete?

It is perfectly true to say that new devices are almost daily being added to the equipment of the great armies, but their newness relates to the detail. An American visitor to the Tower of London advances the opinion from what he saw in that old historic structure and its famous armory, that most of the modern ideas have been in reality with us for decades and some even centuries. He relates the following:

For instance, poison gas. The Chinese are old hands at the game, the stink-pot being a favorite weapon of theirs in warfare by sea and land.

Talk of shrapnel, and you will be shown a charge of grapeshot, used in the eighteenth century; of star-shells, and there before you is a fireball, used of old by the Chinese. Fired or slung over a position, it burst into flame in the air, descended parachute fashion, and burned brilliantly and inextinguishably for any length of time up to half an hour.

Chevrons-de-frise did the work of barbed-wire entanglements when men still fought in armor. And what was a suit of armor but a one-man tank?

And talking of armor, what about steel helmets?

The tower armories will make you tired of the subject. And the metal eye-protectors worn today as a safeguard against shrapnel are a development of the pierced visor.

Liquid fire is a plaything compared with the old "Greek fire," a potential naval weapon in use for centuries, the secret of which is now lost, unhappily or happily, as you please to regard it.

Of course it is untrue to say that literally every war invention has its "opposite number" in antiquity, but still, as a Yankee soldier was heard to remark at the tower, "Grandad's grandad was wise to a mighty lot."

The story is told that a Detroit judge after trying a case of domestic disagreement made the ruling "that a married man has a right to go down town two nights each week." The sequel is that after meeting his own wife shortly afterwards, he thought it wise to reverse his former ruling.

One satisfactory feature of the war situation is that Germany's friends seem to hate her about as much as her enemies.

Paying Back With Interest.

Aviators of the allied forces are uniting in a daily bombing raid on German towns. It is very improbable that the Kaiser ever thought the time would come when his enemies would drop more bombs in a week on German soil, than Germany could drop in England in a year. In two months the British alone have carried out more raids than Germany made against them from the beginning of the war.

Germany's Enemies.

Germany having flatly rejected Spain's proposal for confiscation of German interned ships to replace torpedoed Spanish vessels has brought to pass a deadlock in the diplomatic relations of the two governments.

Spain has, it is stated, fully made up her mind as to the course of action she intends to pursue, and there now seems little doubt but that Germany will have another enemy to contend with. Germany has the appalling record of having 21 nations now at war with her.

This is the list and dates of the declarations of war:

Russia, Aug. 1, 1914.
France, Aug. 3, 1914.
Belgium, Aug. 3, 1914.
Great Britain, Aug. 4, 1914.
Serbia, Aug. 6, 1914.
Montenegro, Aug. 9, 1914.
Japan, Aug. 23, 1914.
Portugal, March 9, 1916.
Italy, Aug. 28, 1916.
Rumania, Aug. 28, 1916.
United States, April 6, 1917.
Cuba, April 7, 1917.
Panama, April 10, 1917.
Greece, June 23, 1917.
Siam, July 22, 1917.
Liberia, Aug. 4, 1917.
China, Aug. 14, 1917.
Brazil, Oct. 26, 1917.
Guatemala, April 23, 1918.
Hayti, July 15, 1918.
Honduras, July 23, 1918.

The following countries have broken off diplomatic relations with Germany: Bolivia, Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, Costa Rica, Peru, Uruguay, Ecuador.

It is stated that for the past four years Germany has been busy building ships. The question is asked: What will they carry and in what direction will they sail?

When German prisoners arrive at the American enclosures, the first thing they ask for is some American canned beef, and the second inquiry is for white bread. An American officer adds, "If you saw those poor half-starved fellows attack those dished articles, you would realize that their condition had without doubt changed for the better."

With Other Editors

Punish the Criminals.

The fact that public opinion in the United States is rapidly hardening in the direction of a demand for the individual punishment of the authors and instigators of Hun atrocities, from the Kaiser downward, is one which may well cause uneasiness in Berlin. The allies are already pledged to the destruction of Hun militarism, which must entail the downfall of the militarists themselves; but, like the people of England, the Americans are determined that those who have been guilty of murder in the eyes of the civilized world shall suffer more than the mere loss of their jobs.

How this punishment shall be administered depends very much on the trend of affairs in the future. At present, Germany, despite certain symptoms of internal unrest, is a very long way from revolution, but none the less revolution is a possibility which must be reckoned with in the event of a crushing defeat in the field.

Bismarck once described his countrymen as being like a flock of sheep, but there is also a saying that the rage of the sheep is terrible. At present there are only indications of possible panic if the successes of the allies are relentlessly pressed home; if, later, the rage should develop, the Kaiser and his minions would meet a worse fate than any international tribunal could inflict, for a revolution in Germany would be a bloody one indeed.

In any case, the criminals must be punished, and if there is no one else to do it, then it must be the task of the allied nations.—Daily Mail.

JOTTINGS FROM MY NOTEBOOK

By RALPH M. MORPHETT

THE PHANTOM ESCADRILLE.

When dusk is glowing over France the phantom airman flies. A ghastly squadron of the clouds that sweep the Flanders sky. They hunt the fields of Picardy; they know the Marne's flood;—The crimson poppies of the plains are dyed with their heart's blood.

Like grim gray shadows their soundless planes in battle's angle find. Above their comrades' trenches cross; and ere they the fatal wind low, then swiftly upward shoot. To pass the staff that held the flag—a silent proud salute.

Then on they fly beyond the lines that hold the hated Hun; Immune from searchlights' deadly stare and eagle-hungry guns; And each one fights his fight again, the conflicts that he won. Until, the last, when from the sky his shattered pinions spin.

They are the men who died for France—who from the heaven's blue crashed thunderbolts that even Jovian anger never knew. They killed their foe, in turn were killed, and died with smiling breath—Brave youth, who drained the cup of life to pledge a toast to death.

And every allied fighting man who sees their ghostly planes feels some new strength and courage surging, thrilling through his veins; But every German heart is chilled; the phantom fliers of the plains change in his heart a blade of steel—a vague and nameless fear.

These noble souls, these vagrant spirits, nevermore can rest. But nightly through the fatal skies must ever wing their quest; They may not know the endless peace of death's sweet dreamless trance. Until the Hun is driven from the sacred soil of France.

—HARRY VAILEY.

In New York Tribune.

Christianity is a religion which expects you to do things—Japanese saying.

"All we have got to do is to keep on, keep on, farthest. We have many dangerous marshes to cross. We will cross them. We have steep and stony paths to climb. We will climb them. Our footprints may be stained with blood, but we will reach the heights, and beyond them we shall see the rich valleys and plains of the new world, which we have sacrificed so much to attain."—Lloyd George.

GETS OF THE DEAD.

Ye who in sorrow's tents abide. Mourning your dead with hidden tears, Behold ye what a wealth of pride They've won you for the coming years.

Graveous the pain; but, in the day When all the cost is counted over, Would it be best that ye should say, "We lost no loved ones in the war?"

Who knows? But proud then shall ye stand That best, most honored boast to make: "My loved died for his dear land, Or, 'My son fell for England's sake.'"

Christlike they died that we might live; And our redeemed lives would we bring. With aught that gratitude may give To serve you in your sorrowing.

And never a pathway shall ye tread, No foot of weath'ring hill, or lea, But ye may say: "The dead, my dead, Gave this, a sacred gift, to me."—H. Latham.

Can we have any loftier aim than to make life easier for those who are less fortunate than ourselves?

Better laid covered and scarred with the wounds of glory than to surrender through expediency what is right, or to yield for the sake of expediency to what is wrong.—Joseph Holt.

The New York Times Book Review offered a prize of \$50 for the best answer to the question, "What is poetry?" The prize definition is as follows:

"The music that springs From the deep soul of things. When, called by their true names, Their essence is set free; The word, illumined, Showing the soul's estate, Sharing the hearts of men; Poetry!"

On Trial.

In the famous Tribune of the United gallery at Florence, a tourist, armed with his guidebook, went up to the curator. "Are these your masterpieces?" he asked. "I certainly don't see much in them myself." "Sir," said the curator, "these pictures are not on trial; it is the visitors who are on trial."

OUR SOLDIER BOYS ARE NOT COUNTING THE COST.

"Somewhere in France" there is a grave Where wild-flowers bloom and grasses wave; And at the head a wooden cross To mark our own and England's love. No more his arm shall wield the lance, Dear God, dear God, "Somewhere in France."

"Somewhere in France" For we, for you! It is enough that they were true; That valor lives in every breast, And, given them, we have our best. No praise can their worth enhance. Who fight, live, die—"Somewhere in France."

HEALTH TALKS BY WILLIAM BRADY M.D.

Pasteurized Versus Pure Milk. Every good housewife knows that clean, fresh, properly prepared fruit requires no chemical preservatives in order to keep well when canned. If the fruit or other material to be preserved is not in perfectly fresh condition more or less chemical embalming is necessary to prevent rapid spoiling. Naturally, therefore, a careful housewife prefers canned goods without preservatives.

Milk in a perfectly fresh condition is practically an ideal germicide food, provided the cows are tubercularly tested (to make sure they have no tuberculosis) and free from other diseases. If the milk is milked only by clean persons who are not in ill health and not "carriers" of any disease germs, and kept cold up to the time of delivery, and delivered only in sealed bottles or other containers, it probably will remain pure and wholesome and safe to feed a baby.

Pure, fresh cows' milk (milk from a herd, preferably), when properly "modified," that is, diluted with water and fortified with sugar of milk to render it more nearly identical with human milk, is the best infant food to substitute for nature's own infant food.

You may take indifferent milk, milk handled by uncleanly persons and not kept cold on the way to the consumer or perhaps not even delivered in closed bottles, and heat it up to 145 degrees Fahrenheit and keep it at that temperature 30 minutes, and thereby destroy practically any disease-producing germs which may have entered the milk. This is pasteurized milk. Pasteurization is required when the health

authorities have grave doubts as to the cleanliness of the milk. Pasteurization does not appreciably alter taste, odor, or digestibility, but there is a question whether it diminishes the food value of the milk, and in my own opinion it does impair or destroy the vitamin content of the milk—at any rate, pasteurized milk seems much less likely to prevent rickets than fresh pure milk unheated (except the warming up to body temperature—95 to 100 degrees—when it is fed to the baby).

Pasteurization is an effort to atone for fifth and unintelligent handling of the milk—an effort which is not a great success. Pasteurized milk is a compromise with unscientific dairymen and uncleanly handling of milk.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The Old Doctor's Verdict.

..... An Old Doctor told my brother that "666" is the only remedy that will do the good. I had a thorough course of antisyphilitic treatment by my own doctor as soon as I was told that I had syphilis (until then), and I have been making steady but slow improvement. Please tell me your opinion.

Answer—The Old Doctor was evidently laboring under a misapprehension, or perhaps a bit "soft" in his views. To my mind, it is exceedingly doubtful whether the made-in-Germany treatment of syphilis is ever preferable to the ordinary methods of treatment in vogue in America long before the German panacea was heralded to the world. You have a good doctor. Stick to him.

Household Hints

Men's Hint. BREAKFEST. Cream Sliced Peaches Maple Syrup French Toast (Rye) Coffee LUNCHEON. Vegetable Soup Graham Crackers Baked Apples Oatmeal Bread Honey Milk DINNER. Dried Beef and Gravy Mashed Potatoes Sweetbreads Brown Bread Butter Sliced Cucumbers Apple Sauce (sweetened with syrup) Tapioca Pudding Oatmeal Cookies Coffee

boil five minutes, add a teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet and a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper. Strain into another sauce pan. Cut two slices of bread into dice; break over one egg, stir until each piece of bread is saturated with egg. Throw this on top of the soup, boil one minute and serve.

Pies and Cakes.

Conservation Pie—Fill deep pie dish with peeled peaches, not sliced. Cover with sugar, bake partly done, then cover with pie crust and brown.

Lemon Pie—Six eggs, three-quarters pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, juice and grated peel of two lemons, one cup of cream. Beat the yolks and sugar together, add the juice and butter together, over the fire until melted. When a little cooled mix all, adding the whites last.

Most Popular Pie—Line deep pan with puff paste, put in a thick layer of thin sliced apples, sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg to taste, then a thin layer of puff paste, apples, etc., and last a top cover. Bake longer than other pies.

Apple Sauce Cake—One-half cup fat, one cup raisins, creamed and flour, one and one-half teaspoons cinnamon, one teaspoon soda, two cups flour, one cup sugar, one-half teaspoon nutmeg, one cup unsweetened apples, pinch of salt. Cream the fat and add the sugar. Mix with the raisins and apples, then the flour which is sifted with the soda, salt and spices.

Charter Oak Cake—Two and one-half cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one-half teaspoon soda, one-quarter teaspoon ground nutmeg, one teaspoon cinnamon, one cup dark corn syrup, six tablespoons corn oil, four tablespoons water, one-half cup chopped raisins. Mix water, syrup and oil. Sift the dry ingredients and stir them into the wet. Stir until smooth and add the chopped raisins. Pour into a greased bread pan and bake in a slow oven about fifty minutes.

The Useful Whisk-Broom—A cheap, soft whisk-broom cleans the bathtub more quickly and satisfactorily and will not scratch the enamel than any other brush. Whisk-broom to clean the kitchen sink is also a help.

Sink Stains—Sinks may be purified by pouring down a half-pail of boiling water in which has been dissolved four pounds of washing soda have been dissolved.

Arrested Thieves—Times—There are trying days for Deck Co. bootlegger extraordinary and confederator of foodstuffs. Cook was arrested a week ago by United States agents for selling booze. He was given a preliminary hearing before United States Commissioner Bush and bound over to the grand jury under heavy bonds, which he furnished. The following day federal agents arrested him for having in his possession more than \$1000 of bootlegged liquor, and the government allowed an individual to have. He was again brought before Commissioner Bush

and bound over to the grand jury under heavy bonds. But Cook's troubles just can't end. Yesterday he was arrested by Sheriff Kneel on orders of County Attorney Henry Johnson. This time he is held by the state for selling liquor in the state of Iowa contrary to the law.

Schultz in Casualties—Yesterday's casualty list of Americans who have died of wounds in France, carries the name of Hugo D. Schultz, son of John Schultz, Peerless hotel, Davenport, Iowa, at the Peerless hotel. Second and Perry streets, revealed the information that the father had stopped there something like a year ago while employed in Davenport. He left a short while later and had present whereabouts are unknown. Nothing is known at the hotel of the son reported killed. Another local boy, Aviator Herman Schultz of Pleasant Valley, was reported killed in action several days ago. There is no relationship between the two boys.

Dies of Injuries—John Sheldon Losley, who fell from an auto truck Tuesday and was severely injured, died at 1:30 o'clock yesterday morning at Mercy hospital. An inquest was conducted this evening by Coroner Eberts. Deceased was born April 25, 1846, in Cleveland, Ohio. Surviving are his wife, Marjane L. Losley, a son, Clarence, and a daughter, Mrs. Meyer. He also three grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

Obituary Record—Mrs. Catherine Ohland, an early resident of Davenport, passed away Wednesday evening at 11 o'clock at Mercy hospital, after a lingering illness. Deceased was born in Schleswig-Holstein, Germany, June 8, 1866, and came to America in 1884, coming direct to Davenport. In 1889 she was united in marriage to Claus Ohland and for some time they made their home at 519 1/2 Brady street.

Marriage License—Frank Musick, Davenport, and Hilda L. Nagle, Davenport, C. J. Dahma, Davenport, and Mattie Gerich, Davenport, August Geisler, Pleasant Valley, and Lena Knehl, Pleasant Valley; Thomas J. Reid, Davenport, and Edith McRoberts, Davenport; William Lagasse, Moline, and Ethel Pierce, Moline.

THE EPHEMERAL.

By Victoria Mapleton.

Jabez Hall was never happy unless he was crying into the business of other people. Gossip was balm to his soul, giving advice a habit, bowing things the height of felicity. He had tried his arts on this half cousin, Mrs. Winsted, and her daughter, Dorothy, but had been promptly scolding. They despised his mean, interfering nature and he got to realize it and rarely visited them.

Aleck Drury, also a cousin of Mrs. Winsted, was just the reverse. He was gentle hearted, full of quietude ideas and deemed it a favor and a blessing to be near Mrs. Winsted. He was a chronic rheumatic and in certain weather got about with difficulty. The widow had fixed up a little two-room cottage at the rear of the lot for Aleck, and there he lived.

One evening a cold rain caused him to hurry in, leaving the foot space between the two houses. Suddenly he stumbled over an obstacle in his path and went headlong.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Aleck. "It's a man!" He knelt by the side of the prostrate figure to make out that the meek and stranger was ar-

Heart of Home Problem

by MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am the oldest girl in the family and I have always had to work harder than any of the rest and have not been treated as well as the other girls. I have given the money I earn to my mother and she has given me what I absolutely needed for clothes. She would never give me enough to dress well. My sister has gone to work now and she does not have to give her money to my mother. She buys pretty clothes and spends it any way she wants to.

I am not allowed to entertain my boy friends in the parlor when my sister wants to entertain hers. I am of age and don't you think I ought to leave home and have my money myself? I'm a HAPPY GIRL. Do not leave home, but insist upon keeping your pay and giving your mother a reasonable amount for board. If you leave home you would have to put up with as much, and probably more, that is disagreeable. It is certainly not right that your sister should keep all her money and that you should have none except that which is returned by your mother.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Is it all right for a stenographer to accept candy from her employer? I am working for a married man who is very good to me and when I work overtime or do anything extra he always brings me candy the next day. Do you think this is proper?

M. H. F.

It is all right for a stenographer to accept candy from her employer if it is given in the right spirit. If you are sure that your employer is not learning to care for you in a way he shouldn't, there is no reason why you should not accept the candy which is given as a reward.

The Day in Davenport

Heads Iowa List—Davenport heads the Iowa list in the number of perfect men sent by Iowa local boards to concentration camps during the heavy calls of July and August. According to a report just completed for the governor of the state, this report shows that the two local boards have the lowest percentage of rejections.

Earnings Lost—While on her way to the bank Wednesday morning, Mrs. William Gollygity, 1506 West Seventh street, lost a roll of \$20 bills amounting to between \$700 and \$800, according to a report she made to the police. The money represented the summer's earnings of the Gollygity family, who have been clamming up the river. Mrs. Gollygity came to Davenport in the morning and on the way to the bank to deposit the money, she stopped at two department stores.

Gets Large Contract—The Gordon-Van Time company announces the securing of a contract to build a town for the Wisconsin Steel company near Benham, Ky. The company is a subsidiary of the International Harvester company and has large government contracts which require a greatly increased production of coal. They will own large coal deposits in Tennessee near Benham, Ky., and must have housing facilities to secure miners.

Breaks Arm—Thrown from her feet when the car she had just boarded started suddenly, Mrs. Sarah Turpin, colored, fell and broke her right arm in a Locust street car Wednesday night. The accident happened at Eleventh and Harrison streets, where Mrs. Turpin got on the car.

Arrested Thieves—Times—There are trying days for Deck Co. bootlegger extraordinary and confederator of foodstuffs. Cook was arrested a week ago by United States agents for selling booze. He was given a preliminary hearing before United States Commissioner Bush and bound over to the grand jury under heavy bonds, which he furnished. The following day federal agents arrested him for having in his possession more than \$1000 of bootlegged liquor, and the government allowed an individual to have. He was again brought before Commissioner Bush

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THE DAILY SHORT STORY

trayed in the garb of the convicts at the penitentiary, 20 miles away. "Now what am I ever to do?" he soliloquized. "He's a snake through, his face is bleeding. He is either stunned or sick. I suppose my duty is to call the authorities, and there's a standing reward of \$100 for the return of an escaped convict. Poor fellow! He probably has no home, no friends. Well, I'll be one to him, for tonight, anyhow."

Aleck carried the stranger bodily to the little old cottage. He began to shiver and talk disjointedly. Aleck removed his wet clothing and got him to bed. He was in a raging fever and delirious by daylight.

"He must be a convict," reflected Aleck, for when he went out into the garden a neighbor informed him that a man had escaped from the prison the night previous.

Aleck hurried up the convict garb and hid it away. He told Mrs. Winsted of a charge, ill and friendless. Mrs. Winsted administered some home-made remedies and Dorothy brought some delicacies. She was greatly distressed by the helpless, handsome looking stranger, whose ravings, vague as they were, betokened intelligence and good breeding.

For nine days the sick man lay in fever and stupor most of the time. Dorothy would relieve him while he attended to his garden

chores, and would sit at the couch fanning the patient or placing cold bandages on his head.

"Cousin Mary," spoke Aleck one morning, near the guttering hedge, "I've got to reveal a secret to you," and narrated the details of his discovery of the stranger.

"A convict!" shuddered Mrs. Winsted against.

"Yes, cousin," replied Aleck, "and because of that fact, and because I have observed that Dorothy is getting deeply interested in him, I want you to help me in some plan to get him away from here."

"I don't think it over," said Mrs. Winsted, quite agitated. There was a rustle on the other side of the hedge, and eavesdropping Jabez Hall started at a fast gait for the town.

He returned in an hour. Dorothy gaily talking to the convalescent, was surprised as Jabez burst into the room, followed by an officer.

"There's the convict, and see that I get my hundred dollars!" cried the avenging Jabez.

"Shame on you!" burst forth from Dorothy. "I don't believe he is a human enough to spare a very sick man a shock that might kill him."

"Why, I think I understand," spoke the invalid, weakly, but with eagerness. "I was just about to explain to my kind nurse how I came to be a burden to herself and

her friends. The convict you take me for met me some distance from here, and at the point of a pistol forced me to change clothes with him. I fell into a trap, amid the storm, and I remember little since. I am Willis Thorne, and the son of Senator Thorne of Louisville."

"Why, he's the millionaire manufacturer's son!" exclaimed Jabez, speaking from the boardwalk.

"We will inform your relatives that you are here, and safe," suggested Aleck.

"Yes, but I don't think I had better be moved until I feel strong and well again—do you?"

I Dorothy flushed pink at the expression in those questioning eyes, grateful and tender at the same time. Aleck retired with a chuckle. "I wasn't wrong," he told himself gleefully. "I never was in love in my life, but those two well may they be happy all their lives!"